



FOR THE USE AND AMUSEMENT OF BOTH SEXES.

VOL. XI.]

Saturday, August 23, 1810.

[NO. 18.]

CONSTANTIA;

OR, UNEXAMPLED MAGNANIMITY.

A TALE.

(Concluded.)

Constantia, tho' she shed many tears as she spoke, yet spoke in the tone of a determined martyr. I repeated every argument that reason and friendship could suggest, to shake a resolution so pernicious to herself; but I could make no impression on her mind; she had determined to adhere strictly to the letter, as well as the spirit of her father's interdictions; and, as I perceived, she had an honest pride, in her filial piety, I could no longer think of opposing it. Instead, therefore, of recommending to her a new system of life, I endeavoured to reconcile her mind to her present situation. "Perhaps," replied Constantia, "no female orphan, who has been preserved by Providence from absolute want, from infamy and guilt, ought to repine at her condition; and, when I consider the more deplorable wretchedness of some unhappy beings of my own sex, whose misery, perhaps, has arisen more from

accident than from voluntary error, I am inclined to reproach my own heart for those murmurs, which, sometimes, I confess to you, escape from it in solitude; yet, if I were to give you a genuine account of all that I endure, you, I know, would kindly assure me, that the discontent, which I strive in vain to subdue, has not amounted to a crime." She then entered into a detail of many domestic scenes, and gave me so strong a picture of life, destitute of all social comfort, and harassed by such an infinitude of dispiriting vexations, that I expressed a very sincere admiration of the meek and modest fortitude which she had displayed in supporting it so long. "I have, indeed, suffered a great deal," said Constantia, with a deep sigh; "but the worst is not over; I am afraid that I shall lose all sense of humanity; I can take no interest in any thing; and, to confess a very painful truth to you, I do not feel as I ought to do, the undeserved attention and friendship which I am at this moment receiving from you." I would have tried to rally her out of these gloomy phantasies; but she interrupted me, by exclaiming, with a stern, yet low voice, "Indeed it is

rue ; and I can only explain my sensations to you, by saying, that I feel as if my heart was turning into stone." This forcible expression, and the corresponding cast of countenance with which she uttered it, rendered me for some moments, unable to reply ; it struck me, indeed, as a lamentable truth, to which different parts of her much-altered frame bore a strong though silent testimony. In her face, which was once remarkable for a fine complexion, and the most animated look of intelligent good-nature, there now appeared a sallow paleness, and, though not a sour, yet a settled dejection ; her hands also had the same bloodless appearance, retaining neither the warmth nor the colour of living flesh ; yet Constantia was at this time perfectly free from every nominal distemper.

The entrance of Mrs. Braggard gave a new turn to our conversation, but without affording us relief. That good lady endeavoured to entertain me with particular attention ; but there was such a strange mixture of vulgar dignity and indelicate facetiousness in her discourse, that she was very far from succeeding in her design.-- She asked me, if I was not greatly struck by the change that a few years had made in the countenance of her niece, hinting, in very coarse terms of awkward jocularities, that the loss of her complexion was to be imputed to her single life ; and adding, with an affec-

tionate air of kindness, that, as she had some very rich relations in Jamaica, she should be tempted to carry the poor girl to the West-Indies, to try all the chances of new acquaintance in a warmer climate. I perceived the cheek of Constantia begin to redden at this language of her aunt. As the expressions of that good lady grew more and more painful to her ingenuous pride, the unfortunate Constantia, who found it impossible to suppress her tears, now quitted the room ; but she returned again in a few minutes, with an air of composed sorrow, and of meek endurance.

I soon ended my mortifying visit, and left the town in which Constantia resided, with a disposition to quarrel with fortune for her injustice and cruelty to my amiable friend. It seemed to me as if nature had designed, that an affectionate activity, and a joyous benevolence, should be the vital springs in Constantia's existence ; but that chance having thrown her into a situation, which afforded no nourishment to the lovely qualities of her heart and mind, she was perishing like a flower in an unfriendly soil.

My imagination was wounded by the image of her destiny ; but the good Constantia feeling the impression which her sufferings had made upon me, wrote me a letter of consolation. She arraigned herself, with an amiable degree of injustice, for having

painted to me, in colours much too strong, the unpleasant qualities of her aunt, and the disquietude of her own condition : She flattered me with the idea, that my visit and advice to her had given a more chearful cast to her mind ; and she encouraged me to hope, that time would make her a perfect philosopher. In the course of a few years, I received several letters from my friend, and all in this comfortable strain. At length she left me the following billet :

“ My dear friend,

“ I am preparing to set out, in a few days, for a distant country ; and, before my departure, I wish to trouble you with an interesting commission : If possible, indulge me with an opportunity of imparting it to you in person, where I now am. As it will be the last time I can expect the satisfaction of seeing you in this world, I am persuaded you will comply with this anxious request of

“ Your much obliged,

“ and very grateful,

“ CONSTANTIA.”

In perusing this note, I concluded that Mrs. Braggard was going to execute the project she had mentioned, and was really preparing to carry her neice to Jamaica ; yet, on reflection, if that were the case, Constantia, might, I thought, have contrived to see me with more convenience in her passage through London. However, I obeyed her summons as expedi-

tiously as I could. In a few minutes after my arrival in the town where she resided, I was informed, by the landlord of the inn at which I stopped, that life of my poor friend was supposed to be in danger. This information at once explained to me the mystery of the billet. I hastened to the house of Mrs. Braggard, and, in the midst of my concern and anxiety for my suffering friend, I felt some comfort on finding, that in our interview we should not be tormented by the presence of her unfeeling aunt, as that lady had been tempted to leave her declining charge, to attend the wedding of a more fortunate relation, and was still detained, by scenes of nuptial festivity in a distant county. When I entered the apartment of Constantia, I perceived in her eyes a ray of joyous animation, though her frame was so emaciated, and she laboured under such a general debility, that she was unable to stand a moment without assistance.

Having dismissed her attendant, she seemed to collect all the little portion of strength that remained in her decaying frame to address me in the following manner :

“ Be not concerned, my dear friend, at an event, which though you might not, perhaps, expect it so soon, your friendship will, I hope, on reflection, consider with a sincere, though melancholy satisfaction. You have often been so good as to listen to my complaints, forgive me, therefore, for calling

you to be a witness to that calm and devout comfort, with which I now look on the approaching end of all my unhappiness! You have heard me say, that I thought there was a peculiar cruelty in the lot that Heaven had assigned to me; but I now feel, that I too hastily arraigned the dispensations of Providence. Had I been surrounded with the delights of a happy domestic life, I could not, I believe, have beheld the near approaches of death in that clear and consoling light in which they now appear to me. My past murmers, are, I trust, forgiven, and I now pay the most willing obedience to the decrees of the Almighty. The country to which I am departing, is, I hope and believe, the country where I shall be again united to the lost objects of my tenderest affection. I have but little business to adjust on earth, may I entreat the favour of you." continued Constantia with some hesitation, "to be my executor? My property," added she, with a tender yet ghastly smile, "being all contained in this narrow chamber, will not give you much embarrassment; and I shall die with peculiar peace of mind, if you will kindly assure me, I shall be buried by the side of my dear, unhappy father." The tender thoughts that overwhelmed her, in mentioning her unfortunate parent, now rendered her utterance almost indistinct; yet she endeavoured to enter on some private family reasons for applying to me

on this subject. I thought it most kind to interrupt her, by a general assurance of my constant desire to obey, at all times, every injunction of her's; and, observing to her, that her distemper appeared to be nothing but mere weakness of body, I expressed a hope of seeing her restored. But, looking steadfastly upon me, she said, after a pause of some moments. "Be not so unkind as to wish me to recover; for, in the world, I only fill up a place which may be better supplied when I have made it empty." The calm and pathetic voice, with which she pronounced these affecting words of Shakespeare, pierced me to the soul; I was unable to reply, and I felt an involuntary tear on my cheek. My poor friend perceived it, and immediately exclaimed, in a more affectionate tone, "You are a good, but weak mortal; I must dismiss you from a scene which I hoped you would have supported with more philosophy." Pressing her cold emaciated fingers to my lips, I left her apartment, as she ordered me, in silent haste, apprehending, from the changes in her countenance, that she was in danger of fainting. The next morning she sent me a short billet, in a trembling hand, begging me to excuse her not seeing me again, as it arose from motives of kindness—and in the evening she expired. Such was the end of this excellent, unfortunate being, who died in the forty-second year of her age.

The calamities of her life, instead of giving any asperity to her temper, had softened and refined it.——Farewell! Thou gentle and benevolent spirit, if, in the present scene of happier existence, thou art conscious of sublunary occurrences, disdain not this imperfect memorial of thy sufferings and thy virtues! and, if the pages I am now writing should fall into the hands of any indigent and dejected maiden, whose ill fortune may be similar to thine, may they sooth and diminish the disquietude of her life, and prepare her to meet the close of it with piety and composure!



Account of a Singular Custom at Metelin, with Conjectures on the Antiquity of its origin.

By the Right Honourable James, Earl of Charlemont, President R. I. A.

[From the Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy, 1789.]

(Concluded.)

But nature and native manners will often baffle the efforts even of tyranny. In all their customs, these manly ladies seem to have changed sexes with the men. The women rides astride, the man sits sideways upon the horse. Nay, I have been assured that the husband's distinguishing appellation is his wife's family name. The women have town and country houses, in the management of which the

husband never dares interfere. Their gardens, their servants are all their own; and the husband, from every circumstance of his behaviour, appears to be no other than his wife's first domestic, perpetually bound to her service, and slave to her caprice. Hence it is that a tradition obtains in the country, that this island was formerly inhabited by Amazons, a tradition however founded upon no ancient history that I know of. Sappho indeed, the most renowned female that this island has ever produced, is said to have had many inclinations, in which, as Lucian informs us, she did but conform with the singular manners of her countrywomen; but I do not find that the mode in which she chose to shew these inclinations is imitated by the present female inhabitants, who seem perfectly content with the dear prerogative of absolute sway, without endeavouring in any other particular to change the course of nature; yet will this circumstance serve to shew that the women of Lesbos had always something peculiar, and even peculiarly masculine, in their manners and propensities. But be this as it may, it is certain that no country whatever can afford a more perfect idea of an Amazonian commonwealth, or better serve to render probable those ancient relations which our manners would induce us to esteem incredible, than this island of Metelin. These lordly ladies are, for the most part,

very handsome in spite of their dress, which is singular and disadvantageous.

Down to the girdle, which, as in the old Grecian garb, is raised far above what we usually call the waist, they wear nothing but a shift of thin and transparent gauze, red, green, or brown, through which every thing is visible, their breasts only excepted, which they cover with a sort of handkerchief ; and this, as we were informed, the Turks have obliged them to wear, while they look upon it as incumbrance, and as no inconsiderable portion of Turkish tyranny. Long sleeves of the same thin material, perfectly shew their arms even to the shoulder. Their principal ornaments are chains of pearl, to which they hang small pieces of gold coin. Their eyes are large and fine ; and the nose, which we term Grecian, usually prevails among them, as it does indeed among the women of all these islands. Their complexions are naturally fine, but they spoil them by paint, of which they make abundant use, and they disfigure their pretty faces by shaving the hinder part of the eyebrow, and replacing it with a strait line of hair, neatly applied with some sort of gum, the brow being thus continued in a strait and narrow line till it joins the hair on each side of their face. They are well made, of the middle size, and, for the most part, plump ; but they are distinguished by nothing so much

and so universally, as by a haughty, disdainful, and supercilious air, with which they seem to look down upon all mankind as creatures of an inferior nature, born for their service, and doomed to be their slaves ; neither does this peculiarity of countenance in any degree diminish their natural beauty, but rather adds to it that sort of bewitching attraction, which the French call *piquant*.

In the sequel of this paper, Lord Charlemont, has endeavoured with great learning and ingenuity to trace the origin of this extraordinary custom up to the first settlement of that island by the Lycians, according to Diodorus, thirty or forty centuries ago, amongst whom we have the authority of Plutarch, that the same usages prevailed. It would indeed, as he adds, be whimsically curious, if we could allow ourselves to imagine that a singular custom at this day subsisting could be traced back to an origin so very remote, and should have taken its rise in a period when the world was yet in its infancy ; or that the relations of Diodorus and of Plutarch, which, considering the time of which they treat, might, with much appearance of reason, be deemed fabulous, should be corroborated, and, as it were, authenticated by a custom at this day subsisting.

Paint and patches offend the husband, but invite the gallant.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

Messrs. Editors.

As I have been in the habit of perusing your Miscellany of late, I often could not forbear smiling to myself, to see the thoughts of so many love-sick beings, there portrayed, some upon love, some upon matrimony, some upon the fashions of the day, some teaching how to live, others how to die; some upon one thing, and some upon an other; all to fill up this farcical scene.

And, upon an examination of these things, matters and subjects, it fully convinces me, that human nature has not altered any from what it was since the first civilization of mankind; for I find these same subjects have been treated upon, by different persons, but in a different manner, according to their several turns of genius in almost every age; but all in substance amounting to the same thing.

In truth, of late there are several persons who seem as it were, to have been overcome by a kind of *maniac* for writing; which I should feel disposed to encourage, provided, their productions could be fraught with rather more moderation, candor, harmony, and *perspicuity*, in these qualities I am inclined to think most of them are a little deficient. They ought to recollect, that their communications are principally perused by the

female part of society, whose taste for Belles-Lettres and polite literature, is most generally very delicate and refined, and capable of viewing them with a critical eye.

Among the number, belonging to your numerous correspondence, there are none that appear to aim, in a very great degree at genuine wit and humour, but all seem to be of the more grave and serious class of writers, endeavouring to inculcate moral principles with long periods, (which by the bye) are many times quite too long, for as I happened to be in a public house the other day, I saw a man rather inclined to corpulency, take up a number, and after reading a paragraph or two, fell fast asleep, and as he gently leaned down upon a settee standing in the room, gaped out, "there are too many ideas in one sentence for me."

In speaking, however, of your correspondents, I perceive there are many, who are *likely* to become eminent critics, if I might be permitted to form my opinion from the accuracy of their reviews of each others communications: and one would be disposed to believe after taking into consideration the works of this *Literati*, that this is the dawning of the third AUGUSTEAN AGE, and that in the course of a few years we shall be overrun with another set of Rousseau's Voltaire's, Johnson's, Addison's, Steel's, Pope's, Parnell's and Goldsmith's, by which time, I suspect that the

world will have arrived at its climax of refinement, which probably will be soon succeeded by a malenium; for the Almighty after having stocked the world with such a *host* of literary lumenaries would be unwilling to continue it long under the natural depraved propensities of mankind, lest it should again shrink back to its pristine barbarity and ignorance.

After having said so much, there is one thing, which I would not have omitted, *i. e.* that I am extremely happy in this, that when men die they are not permitted to revisit this theatre of human action; for if they were, they would be inclined to redouble their sins by committing suicide, immediately after seeing their original ideas and language so mangled and metamorphosed by the many and mighty luminaries that have succeeded them. For my part, I am enclined to believe that the body of this great *literati* have made a most *awful* derogation or deviation from the original principles and purity of language; or, that they have renewed their *old chart* from Horace containing a licence to coin words and sentences, which I would beg leave to suggest, will not be much conducive to their benefit, provided they calculate to perpetuate their names, because, in all human probability the next generation will not be able to comprehend them, and their valuable productions will become totally lost.

I perceive that you have some

female correspondants, who hold a satirical pen, and who strive to outstrip the bachelors in argument, I think they ought to be encouraged.

I shall take the liberty of appearing occasionally in your *Miscellany*, as a kind of a genius allowed to say any thing, and altho' I have many faults myself, yet, I can see many in others, and shall take into consideration the productions of your correspondants, to prevent their running in to a *regular confusion*.

T.

Yours, &c.

I. LASH.

Commercial Hall,
Aug. 20.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

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MESSRS. EDITORS.

I have long witnessed with regret, the foolish controversy carried on in your paper by two writers under the signatures of "Chatterer," and "Censor"; with neither of them am I acquainted, but, if I am correctly informed, I think the first had better pay more attention to Coke and Blackstone; as for the other, you could do your subscribers no greater favor, than by denying his silly essays admittance to your paper. Inclosed is a short criticism on his last number (Censor No. 2) You are the umpires, whether it shall be published or destroyed. It is the first I have sent you, it shall be the last—no

remarks upon it, shall provoke me to reply.

IMPARTIALITAS.

The first error we shall notice is in the 10th line, where he says, "it will be acknowledged *on* all hands"—for a correct definition of the preposition '*on*,' I refer the reader to the "Diversions of Purley"—a work which is beyond the comprehension of "Censor." In another line he writes 'to be not easily' instead of 'not to be easily.' The following line is a 'model' of elegant composition—"is added a *destitution*,"; this may be termed the *neplus-ultra* of correct writing.—behold! an antecedant without a relative, viz. 'His ambition aspires to something more exalted'—more exalted than what? Again, he says 'Censor however, will notice one passage, because it is worthy of notice,' a very good cause. By giving the definition of the following words, and the Dictionary in which they may be found, Censor will do the Public a service for which they will be extremely grateful—the words are 'Tiara' '*unsavourly*,' 'benightedness,' &c. &c. we shall only mention a few of his 'orthographical mistake'—viz. 'Inacuracy,' 'excusable' 'derrogation,' 'moddels,' &c. &c. &c. 'Rays of science shinning through a quarry,' is a miserable metaphor. Of his Latin quotations, we shall say nothing; as he has confessed his ignorance in that language, and the one in which 'Homer wrote,' we think to

criticise upon them, would be not only illiberal, but cruel.

We now quit this '*unsavourly*' subject, with a hope that the author of 'Censor' will quit a profession (of writer) for which he appears so unqualified, and turn to one more congenial to his abilities. If this advice is taken, we shall have the self satisfaction of saving a fellow mortal from disgrace; and the public will applaud us for putting an end to a foolish dispute between two simpletons.

ROBERT SIMON.

Ladies and Gentlemen's Hair Dresser.

HAS the honor to inform the Ladies and Gentlemen of the city of New-York, that his Seminary of Fashions, No. 344, *Water-Street*, is open every day during the usual hours of business; and as he consults Fancy in her most varied and whimsical forms, presumes, that no Lady or Gentleman, who shall please to honor him with their custom, can apply without receiving the most ample satisfaction.—Independent of the common routine of his profession, he possesses an art, which will, as the Poet says,

Turn the hair that's grown quite grey,
To black!—or any other hue,
That aged Fancy please to say;
Or order for a wig, or cue.

But it is not to Wigs and Cues that he is confined; he avers, that he can change the color of hair on the head, without the least pain or ill convenience; he hopes the public will not consider him merely puffing, he disclaims all puffers—he wants a fair trial, and feels confident of giving amazing proofs of his skill.

He has the honour of being,
the Public's humble
Servant. R. S.

N. B. Ladies and Gentlemen
waited on at their own houses.

ERRATA.

In the 16th number of the Miscellany, in Censor No. 2, the following typographical errors was not attended to by the Compositor, but put to press not corrected, as was mark'd in the proof sheet.—In 2d column, 18th line, for "quandane," read "quandam," and in 29th line, for "not just op'd to the moon," read "not yet op'd to the morn,"—In 3d column 21st line, for "philologiance drubbing," read "philological drubbing," and in 30th line, for "suffence," read "suffered," 4th column 17 line, for "mudinness," read "mudiness."

The Editors.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

VARIETY.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED

REFLECTIONS ON THE GRAVE.

An Extract.

"Here is the last stage of Life's journey; Here is the collecting

rendezvous of suffering mortals; Here is a safe retreat from the barbed shafts of malice, from pointed perils and from misery's rod: Here, after noble and ignoble views; after every ardent wish; after pursuing every flattering object, we find the object of them all. Here, from servile bondage, and oppression's iron hand, rests the wretched Negro, whom chance had made a slave; here he forgets his galling state, and with his lordly tyrant sleeps equally accommodated. Here the oppressor and the oppressed moulder together. Here sleep the meanly saving, and riotous profuse. Here, prostrate in the dust, lay the degraded relics of soaring mortals! Remember, then, the transient visions of eternal greatness; and act so as to be prepared to pay the momentary loan of Heaven's great lender."

THE USE OF A BEAU.

Kotzebue, in his journey from Berlin to Paris, has the following anecdote. A lady of Paris asked her daughter, 'Why do you suffer that huge overgrown fellow, who looks like a model for a church steeple, to be continually following you?' 'Lord!' replied the daughter, 'I must blow my nose, must not I?' The lady had neither pockets or ridicule—The Beau carried her pocket handkerchief!

He who is rich passes for a wise man too.

A Dutchman coming to town, and enquiring the meaning of many things that appeared strange to him, took particular notice of a Sign, on which he read as follows: 'Here are horses and chairs to let. Anno Domini, 1799.' 'Well,' said he 'if there be horses and chairs enough for 1799 Dominies at one tavern, how many must there be in the whole town?'

PANTALOOON ELOQUENCE.

A young Beau, boasting his conquests over the female heart, exultingly exclaimed "I have subdued the hearts of one hundred *in-different* women of *extinguished* reputation."

EPITAPHS.

The following epitaph is engraved on a stone in a country churchyard: "Here lies the body of David Young, and all his posterity for fifty years backwards!"

On Thomas Huddleston.

Here lies Thomas Huddleston.—

Reader, dont smile,

But reflect while this tombstone
you view,

That Death, who kill'd him, in a
very short while,

Will huddle a stone upon you.

St Dunstan's Stepney.

Here lies the body of Daniel Saul,
Spitfield's weaver—and that's all.

A ludicrous circumstance occurred lately in London. A chimney sweeper's boy got in a butter basket, at a cheesemonger's door, in Oxford-street, and fell fast asleep; one of his companions, in a joke, shut down the lid and fastened it. Two thieves passing along shortly afterwards, and conceiving the basket to be filled with butter or eggs, carried it away to a public house in the neighbourhood, when lo! instead of a rich booty, out sprang the young knight of the brush. The rogues, as may be imagined, made a precipitate retreat on his unexpected appearance.

The celebrated swindler and villain, *Charles Price*, once prevailed on Foote, the comedian, to advance 500*l.* to establish a brewery in partnership; but the business was shortly after discontinued, and the 500*l.* disappeared; some time afterwards Price had the impudence to propose to Foote a partnership in the baking business. To this proposition Foote replied; "As you brew so you must bake; but *I'll be curs'd if ever you bake as you have brewed.*"

"No man," said a doctor one day, "can complain of my using him ill." "True," said his friend, "because all you were ever called to attend, died under your hands."

LADY'S MISCELLANY.

NEW-YORK, AUGUST 25, 1810.

The City Inspector reports the death of 45 persons in this city and suburbs during the last week.—viz. 14 men, 7 women, 14 boys, and 11 girls.

On Saturday last, about 2 P. M. a small woman indifferently dressed, was prevented from drowning herself by the workmen at the Battery. She was accompanied by a boy of about 9 years of age, her son, who said she lived in Mott-street. She appeared to be somewhat insane, and was we understand, seen afterwards accompanied by the boy in Broad-street, going towards the river. We mention this that her friends, if she is yet living, may attend to her.

Drowned—In Heel-gate, on Thursday last, at 7 o'clock, Samuel Lawrence, Esq. of Newton, aged 75. The deceased was coming to this city in a small boat with his servant, and by approaching too near what is generally called 'Hancock's Rock,' struck the reef and was immediately swept from his boat by the violence of the tide. He was taken up a few moments after the fatal accident, and the customary means taken to restore him, without a salutary effect. His servant clung to the boat and was saved.

FIRE AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

Extract of a letter from an American at Constantinople, to a gentleman in this town, dated April 21, 1810.

Boston Palladium.

Yesterday a fire broke out in a Pera, one of the divisions of the suburbs, and to the N. and E. of Constantinople. It raged with the greatest degree of rapidity, and presented a truly terrific sight to the spectators. At 11 o'clock it extended nearly a mile, and formed one continual flame; nor was any stop put to it until sunset, when some stone buildings stopped in some measure its rapid progress, and about midnight its ravages were nearly at an end. The distress of the inhabitants is very great. It is supposed that 30,000 are now in the fields, and burial grounds with the little they were able to snatch from the destructive element. It is supposed that about 8000 buildings were entirely consumed.

On Saturday week a melancholy accident occurred about ten miles from Warrenton, at a muster: John Davis, a respectable young man in the prime of life, became a victim to his own rashness. He was playing fives, and dropping down, died instantaneously. He had previously fainted twice in the same game, and his friends used every persuasion to induce him to relinquish it, without effect, he declared he would finish the game if

he never played another. The company was numerous, but they soon dispersed, and there was scarcely a whisper to be heard in the before noisy assembly, each retiring to his own home to meditate. He has left a wife and child.

Raleigh Register.

Caarleston, Aug. 6.

Robberies. Within these few nights past, several robberies have been committed in the city, with considerable daring; but none to equal in insolent temerity, one attempted last night, upon a house in Motte-street. A fellow observing a front window hoisted in the upper story, placed a ladder against the house, and deliberately entered the room, which proving to be a bed-chamber, and his noise waking the occupant, he could not effect his purpose. In his haste to make good his retreat, he left his ladder behind, which may probably, lead to a discovery of the villain.

Died at sea, on his passage from the Havanna to New-Orleans, Lt. **TRIPP**, of the United States Navy. He had the command of the brig *Vixen*, and was ordered (as we are informed) to cruize in our waters for the protection of trade. Lieut. **Tripp**, was a brave active officer, and had signalized himself in the Tripolitan war, in the Mediterranean,

Mr. Brown, the late Collector of the Customs at New-Orleans, has been arrested in London by the American Minister. He had 10,000 pounds sterling in his possession, which the Minister took, and then released him.

Four thousand five hundred bales of Spanish Wool, weighing about 900,000 lbs. sheared from the flock of Joseph Bonaparte in one year, were to be sold at Paris on the 18th of June, and would probably sell for a guinea a pound.

Nine ropemakers, inhabitants of Liverpool, were, on Wednesday sentenced, in the court of king's bench, to twelve months imprisonment, for rescuing one of their fraternity. The attorney-general in support of the prosecution, observed that there was not only a spirit among the rope-makers of Liverpool to prevent any individual belonging to them from being impressed, but there also existed in that town a spirit to annihilate the impress service altogether, and to demolish all receiving houses.

London paper.

PROVERBS.

He who has good health is young, and he is rich who owes nothing.

Idleness buries a man alive.

A rich country and a bad road.

MARRIED,

On Wednesday morning, 15th inst. at Friends meeting house, in Liberty-street, Mr. Benjamin S. Collins, to Miss Hannah Bowne, daughter of Robert Bowne, all of this city.

On Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Hobert, Mr. Charles Stewart, to Miss Ann Peirce, both of this city.

On Tuesday evening, by the Rev. Bishop Moore, Mr. Southy Grinolds, of Virginia to Miss Maria Rogers, daughter of Mr. Jedediah Rogers, of this city.

DIED,

At Mr. Von Duzer's on Staten-Island, on Friday morning 17th inst. after a long and tedious illness, Mrs. Jane Tucker, the amiable wife of Dr. Tucker, of Turks-Island, Mrs. T. arrived at the Quarantine ground on the preceding Monday, having come out for the benefit of her health; but it was the will of her Heavenly Father, to call her hence, and she resigned with christian fortitude. The remains of the deceased, were decently interred in the Episcopal burying-ground, at Richmond, and a very pathetic and appropriate sermon was preached on the occasion by the Rev. David Moore.

At Albany, on the 17th inst. after a few hours illness, universally and deservedly lamented, in the 16th year of her age, Miss Louisa Latimore, only daughter of George P. Latimore, Esq. of Montreal, and formerly of the island of Guadeloupe

At his seat, in Mifflin county, Pennsylvania, Gen. Wm. Lewis.

At Addersey-Lodge, near Stoke Goldington, Bucks, on Saturday the 9th inst. at an advanced age Colonel Philip Skene, formerly of Skenesborough. Lieutenant-Governor of Crown Point and Ticonderoga, and Surveyor of his Majesty's Woods and Forests bordering on Lake Champlain, in the state of New-York, whose loyalty can only be equalled by his singular bravery, having served as an officer in the British army from the year 1739 to the close of the American war in 1782; during which period he was engaged in some of the severest conflicts recorded in the British annals.

At Buxton, Maine, Miss Sally Pennel, with the Hydrophobia. She was bitten by a Fox, in the end of her thumb, about five weeks since; and continued in a languishing state, though perfectly sensible at the time of her final exit.

At Baltimore, captain Matthias Fleming, a native of Ireland, late of New-York.

On Wednesday last, at Wetchester, Dr. Joseph Hull, aged 40.

At Norfolk, the 13th inst. Mrs. Martha Armistead, wife of Mr. Theodore Armistead.

At Carthagen, John H. Oswald, Esq. of Philadelphia.

On Monday, 20th inst. in his 67th year of his age, Thoroughgood Smith, Esq. formerly of Baltimore, and President of the Baltimore Insurance Company.



For the Lady's Miscellany.

EREN MACHREE.

To the favorite national air of "CO-LEEN DAS NA-MOE."

SEE! see! where, the sun is now rising,
Gilding beauteous the plains of the west,
There sweet Erin, of nations surprising,
From her slumbers awakes to be blest;

For her sons with a gen'rous emotion,
Have proved they are noble and free,
While her Harp, newly strung, o'er the ocean
Sounds the praises of *Erin Machree*.

Mark yon tower by time almost level'd,
And its base wash'd by each coming wave;

'Twas there that her chieftains once revel'd,
And her bards sung the deeds of the brave.*

There her warriors, victorious, assembled
Round the festive board, cheerful and free,

While the lofty halls echoed and trembled

With the praises of *Erin Machree*.

Long, long may she flourish with glory,
Respected by nations around,
While her virtues, re-echoed by story,

Shall join with the Harp's loving sound;

Independent, united and hearty,

Her sons ever gallant and free,

Will enroll with the Harmonic party.†

The supporters of *Erin Machree*.

* *Brian Borohme*. † *Irish Harp Society*.

BY R. CUMBERLAND

What art thou, Leath; that we should fear

The shadow of a shade?

What's in thy name that meets the ear,

Of which to be afraid?

Thou art not care, thou art not pain,

But thou art rest and peace:

'Tis thou canst make our terrors vain,

And bid our torments cease.

Thy hand can draw the rankling thorn,

From out the wounded breast;

Thy curtain screens the wretch forlorn,

Thy pallet gives him rest.

Misfortune's sting, affliction's throes,

Detraction's poisonous breath,

The word itself and all its woes

Are swallowed up in Death."

THE TOOTH-ACHE:

BY PETER PINDAR.

A MAN there was, who fortune's blessings quaff'd

And sure he had no reason to complain,

Had dame Nature, as she view'd the draught,

Made his poor teeth too sensible of pain.

Some times it would the form of grandeur take,

Swelling his cheeks to a majestic size!

And oft it would assume a meaner make,
And like a bruiser close up both his
eyes.

In short, in every shape that tooth-ache
owns,

He luckless felt, and knew it still the
same;

And 'midst a useless burst of speaking
groans,

Had tried all recipes that art could
name :

Had stew'd his chops in vinegar and
ginger,

With mustard blister'd them, the
pain to check ;

And, when provok'd by too severe a
swinger,

Had ate red-hot wild turnips by the
peck.

GALEN had call'd, and ESCULAPIUS
too,

To try their mentals and their mutual
force ;

But nought avail'd which they could say
or do,

They broke the teeth, and left the suf-
ferer worse.

To time and patience then was left the
cure,

Whose motions, tho' but slow, are al-
ways sure.

One day this man, entirely free from
pain,

Rambling on horseback o'er a neigh-
b'ring bill,

Fancied he heard, in accents wild and
shrill,

The voice of anguish flit across the
plain.

He tho't he guess'd the cause—with ea-
ger haste,

He spurr'd his courser to a gallop's
speed ;

And as o'er fence and wall the sound he
clas'd

So gain'd the house from whence it
did proceed.

There, as he stopp'd, a woman he espy'd,
Whose wailing added to the general
clatter ;

So, springing from his horse, he breath-
less cried,

"La ! help us ! say, good woman,
what's the matter ?"

"My son, (she screech'd) by a most
dreadful fall,

"Has broke his legs : no comfort can
the youth take ;"

"Poh ! (said the man, remounting) is
that all !

"I really thought the fellow had the
TOOTHACHE !"

EPITAPHS.

THOMAS is sure a most courageous
man,

A word and blow, for ever is his plan ;

And thus his friends explain the curious
matter,

He gives the first, and then receives the
latter.

A quack to Charon would his pennypay-
The grateful ferryman was heard to say,
'Return, hell's friend and live for ages
more

Or I must haul my useless boat ashore.'

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